Low Medium High

A PERFECT DAY

(Le Jour Divin).

Words and Music

by

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED
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Lengnick
20p

A Perfect Day.

'Cello Obbligato.

Words and Music by

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato espressivo.

PIANO.

p

Cello.

p sostenuto.

p

Vers le soir qui suc-cède à un jour di-vin, Quand vous goû-tez le calme du re-

When you come to the end of a per-fect day, And you sit a-lone with your

p

-pos, E-cou-tez la clo-che qui por-te de loin Le "mer-

thought, While the chimes ring out with a car-ol gay For the

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mf

mf

_ci" pour un jour si beau. Pen_sez donc comme la joie de ce

joy that the day has brought, Do you think what the end of a

mf

jour di - vin Sou - la - ge le coeur bri - - sé, Quand le

per - fect day Can mean to a tired heart, When the

rall. p

rall. p

cré - pus - cule tou_che à sa - fin, Et l'a - mi rend son der_nier bai - ser!

sun goes down with a flam_ing ray, And the dear friends have to part?

rall. p

p cresc. mf

p cresc. mf

p

p

Ain - si vient l'a-dieu de ce jour di - vin, Tel qu'ar - ri - ve l'a-dièu su -
Well, this is the end of a per - fect day, Near the end of a jour - ney,

- prême, Mais un sou - ve - nir ra - di - eux et saint De su
too; But it leaves a thought that is big and strong, With a

gloire res_te tout de même. Le doux sou_ve_nir de ce
wish that is kind and true. For mem_'ry has paint_ed this

jour di_vin Un don pré_ci_eux ré_vèle, Car à
per_fect day With col_ours that nev_er fade, And we

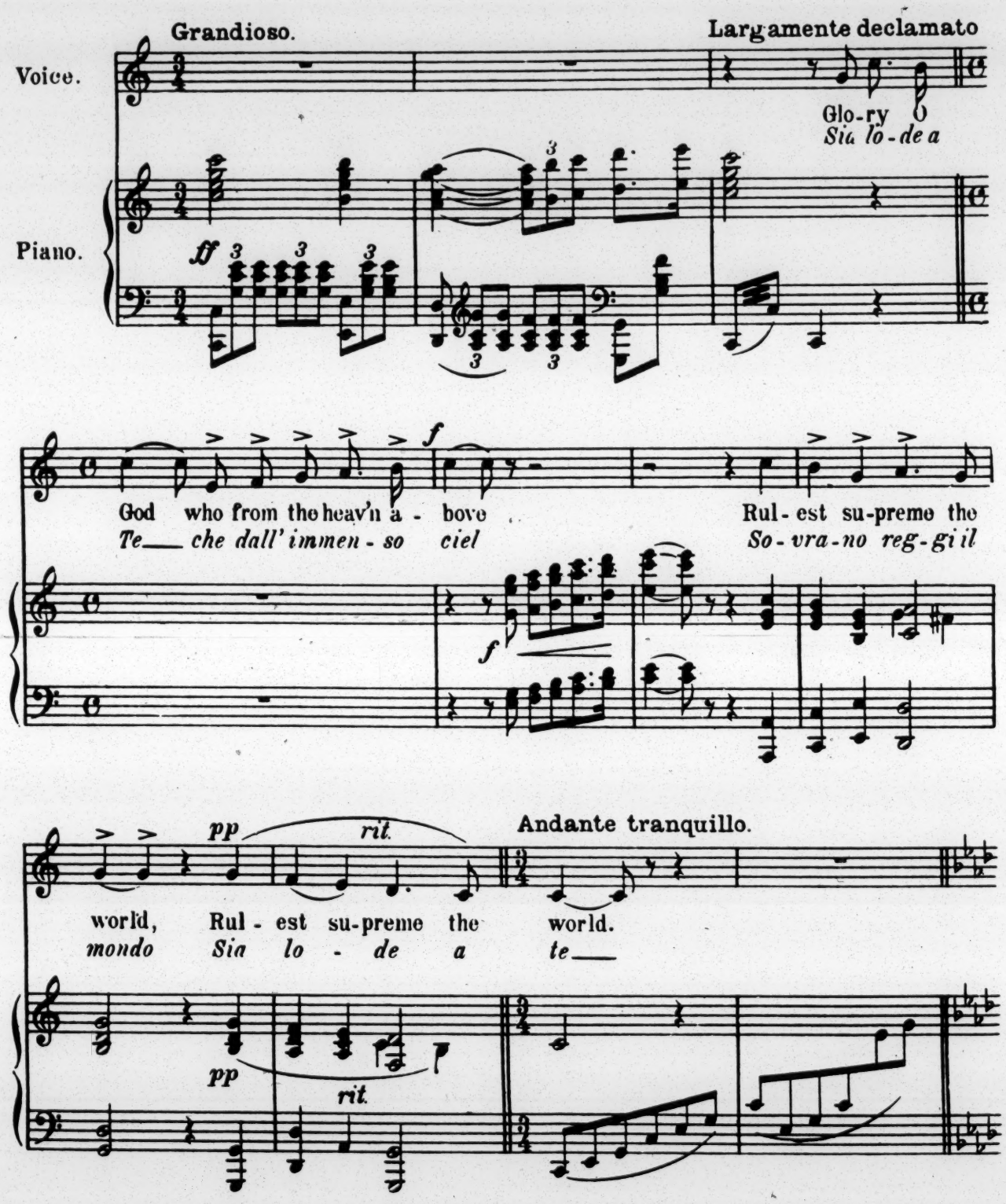
nous ap_par_tient sur ce jour di_vin L'â_me pure d'un a_mi fi_dèle.
find at the end of a per_fect day, The soul of a friend we've made.

Low in B flat Medium in C High in D

GLORIA.

SACRED SONG.

Words by
M.C. SCHUYLER.

Music by
A. BUZZI PECCIA.

Glory O God who from the heav'n above, rulest supreme the world.

Ev'ry flow'r feels the power of the budding April time,
Ev'ry heart doth bear its part in praising, Thee, O Lord divine.
So the breeze on the seas, neath a cloudless summer sky.
Shows thy face reflected, from the great throne on high!
In the dark day of sorrow our comfort Thou art,
From Thee must we borrow all solace for the heart.

God is there. Haste, His mercy implore; All acclaim His great name, Sov'reign Lord, for evermore.

Glory Thou who art Lord of all;
Who to thy power doth all mercy unite.
Works of man endure not, all they pass in a night:
Thou for ever reignest in thy splendour and might,
Glory thou who art Lord of all;
God of love, God of love, God of might, God for ever.

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